

"With great power comes great responsibility."
- Spiderman

Dear Readers,

Thurs. 02-22-24

8:19A

Howdy! I'm in the Library again after typing a quick letter for someone, and I have just over a half hour to kill before I can leave.

I'm going to start this posting with the events which took place here at Marianna in 2018, when Hurricane Michael hit Panama City, FL, just south of here.

Of course I was not here at the time, this was told to me by my one-night cellie in Tallahassee, "Sweat Box" (not sure if that's one word or two). He and I were in the same unit here in Marianna (he has since been released), and I interviewed him so I could describe for you yet another abuse by BOP staff.

I was hoping to include events which happened to his then-cellie, "Rock Star," (not the same one from P-burg), who was placed in four-point restraints for days and physically and sexually abused by staff at another prison, but Rock Star was moved

(2)

to RDP (drug program unit), and I asked him to write it down himself - which he hasn't done - so I'm giving up on him.

As I said, Hurricane Michael hit just south of here as a category 4 or 5 (of course you can look this up). I believe Sweat Box said he was in Mohawk.

Michael was predicted to hit this area for days prior, and BOP staff lied and posted on their website that all inmates had been evacuated and sent elsewhere. This was not the case.

Disclaimer: It's been a few weeks since I interviewed Sweat Box and my notes are quick scribbles. Most everything is correct as it was told to me, but there may be a few errors.

On day 1, the doors were opened as usual around 6:30 A. I believe that breakfast was brought to the units that morning. By 8:30-9 A, there was no more movement on the compound, and around 9:30 A, everyone was locked back in their cells to await the hurricane.

At about 10:30 A, the power went out. There were no generators running - nothing. I was told there were a few emergency lights on, but they were few and far between, so for the most

(3)

part everyone was in the dark.

Along with the power went the water. No one could flush their toilets during the entire duration of this ordeal, and only a dribble of unclean water came out of the sink faucet.

I was told that for the most part all the staff disappeared. They had one "count" after they were initially locked down and that was it. It was rare to see a C.O. after that.

During the hurricane, a strip of the roof was blown off of a pack building and was blown to the perimeter fence which took out that section of the fence. Also, the guys in that unit had no protection from the rain which poured into the unit after that.

I was told that prior to the hurricane, this yard had a lot of trees. They were all either blown down or later cut down so there are no more trees. I was also told that a section of roof over an open outdoor area at Rec was blown away, along with some other areas at Rec.

At some point the eye of the hurricane came over, and then everyone got hit by the other side of the storm.

For the record, I was in a county jail

(4)

when a hurricane hit there. We also couldn't flush our toilets for several days, but it wasn't as bad as things here. I was also in yet another hurricane when it hit the Federal Detention Center in Miami several months later.

After breakfast that day, no food or water was brought to the inmates until about 6p that night when everyone was given a pre-packaged "bus box" (usually 4 slices of bread, a slice of bologna, a packet of peanut butter, and a small pack of cookies), and one bottle of water.

Eventually the storm passed, but nothing changed for the inmates. They were left locked in their cells for two more days with no power, no running water, (and no roof on Apache unit), and they were fed only one bus box and one bottle of water each day.

At about 8p on Day 3, staff came to the cells, opened the food tray slots in the doors, handed each inmate a trash bag, and told everyone to put their property in the trash bag. There was still no power and no information was given out.

There's no telling what time they started, but there's no doubt that it was several hours later when they started moving inmates.

"Sweat Box" told me that it was about 4:15, when they opened his door on Day 4. He said that by this time the emergency generators were working, but there was still no running water. Everyone was taken out of the units and they were surrounded by staff with guns and then marched to the SHU where they were handcuffed and shackled and then put in the SHU Rec cages.

He said it was still dark when they were put on buses and driven to an airport (probably Tallahassee), then flown somewhere else (~~and~~) (probably Memphis, TN) and then back on buses to Yazoo, MS, to USP-Yazoo. He said that the USP was mainly empty due to some scandal regarding "graft."

Sweat Box said they were locked down there for four to five days before they were allowed to call their family and friends - who had ~~been~~ falsely been informed days earlier that all inmates had already been evacuated prior to the hurricane - and let them know what happened.

That's pretty much all there is to tell. According to Inmate.com, a/the previous warden here at Marianna was caught embezzling funds for the re-building of this

6

place. (Probably the missing roof at Ree, I suspect - among other things.) (Oh - there currently isn't a warden here - it's being run by one or more of the A/W's.)

Hopefully next time I can get caught up on ~~the~~ current events.

Until next time, I wish you...

Love + Blessings,

A stylized, cursive handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several loops and flourishes.

#GONE LONG ENOUGH